

Latin School Register

APRIL

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In this Issue: Beginning The Dragon Claim; Out of Gas, Bluff, The Lucky Shot, Marooned.

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Latin School Register

APRIL, 1920

FICTION

THE DRAGON CLAIM—PART I	<i>By L. B. Owen</i>	3
OUT OF GAS	<i>By F. W. Saunders</i>	6
BLUFF	<i>By C. H. Gushee</i>	7
MAROONED	<i>By H. E. Whiting</i>	10
THE LUCKY SHOT	<i>By P. L. Boyd</i>	14

DEPARTMENTS

THE EDITORS' PAGE	<i>By F. W. Saunders</i>	9
TRACK TALK	<i>By N. F. Stuart</i>	17
FUNNY FABLES	<i>By Lyman B. Owen</i>	21

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APRIL, 1920

The Dragon Claim

A Western story in Two Parts

By L. B. Owen

PART I

THE political power in small western towns often comes into the possession of some one member of the town. This was the condition of affairs in the small mining town of Mill Creek, Arizona, during the summer of 1875. Endicott Haynes was the usurper. After five years of vain meandering and tossing about, the trivial legal and legislative offices of the town had been culminated under the title of "mayor" and showered upon his head, as he said, by the people, but as we should prefer to believe, by his own clever exertion and manipulation of the reins of eloquent persuasion. The monarch's sole possessions were; a daughter, a well-built, comfortable house, a shrewd mind, a gold claim called the "Dragon," and a sly rival, "Crab" Flint. Flint was the only other man in the town of considerable means. Where he got his money nobody ever knew, and it probably was a good thing for him they didn't.

The mayor's sole affection rested on his little daughter and Jerry Gardiner, the small son of one of his workmen. Haynes would often employ the boy to drive him from his home to the Dragon or to some neighboring town. Jerry was a good-natured lad, beloved by all the

village except old "Crab" Flint and his friends, the number of whom was practically a minus quantity. The sight of the little brown-faced fellow crowned with a tattered straw hat and clad in a pair of patched trousers was welcome everywhere.

The first incident of interest in this chronicle occurred on an oppressively warm day exactly one month after Haynes had been elected mayor. About ten o'clock in the morning he issued from the front door of his home and yelled down the street. "Hey, Jerry! come up and harness the hoss, will ye?" Fifteen minutes later Jerry emerged from the barn cocked on the seat of Haynes's buckboard earnestly coaxing the lank nag along with the reins. Haynes met him at the front door with his daughter, and the three were soon lost to sight around the bluff of Little Sandy.

The next morning the village gossip spread like fire that young Jerry Gardiner had been found lying unconscious near Haynes's overturned carriage, a mile outside the town. Jerry was nursed back to health by his mother but neither Endicott Haynes nor his daughter were ever seen again. Another town election ensued. Flint was elected may-

4 Latin School Register

or, and succeeded to possession of the Dragon claim on the ground of abandonment. Flint did one good thing for the town. He instituted a permanent village school.

Jerry attended the school, and for twelve long years he lived the simple life the town afforded. During these school days he became enamoured with Betty Creighton, as comely a girl as ever adorned a rude mining village. Now he received a genuine cowboy's pay, and both he and Betty were looking forward to the time when they would have enough money saved up to get married and set up housekeeping.

Then like a blast out of the heavens, an arrival from the East destroyed their happiness.

One afternoon in May Jerry had brought in three calves to be branded and after having finished the job he left the ranch and started down the road towards the Creightons'. The sun beat mercilessly on the dusty highway as Jerry's horse, Hector, whom he had named from the Trojan hero he had learned about at the school, sauntered slowly along. Suddenly the clatter of horses' hoofs behind him gained his attention, and he turned just in time to observe a well-dressed young man of healthy dimensions pass him in a buckboard. At the store he inquired of Jeb Hawkins who the stranger was.

"Hain't you seen that man before?" haughtily questioned Jeb. "Why, I serspect he's the most edicated man anywhere aroun' these 'ere parts. Jest cum from the Yeast last week an' folks say he's goin' to start up a little practis 'roun' here."

"What practice, Jeb?" inquired Jerry.

"Oh, if ye haint the most ignorant cuss for an edicated man I don't know who is. Don't ye know what legal practis is?"

For the next two weeks Jerry was very morose and silent. Whenever he met Betty, she seemed ashamed to look him in the eye. He often saw the Easterner, whose name he had learned was Dave Lewis, leaving the Creighton house followed by a wave of the hand from the fickle Betty. At last in sheer despair Jerry went straight to Betty and demanded an explanation.

"I always thought we were meant for each other Jerry," she said wistfully, "until I met Dave, but he's so magnificent and nice to me. And then he has plenty of money to take care of me and you know you haven't."

Jerry was on fire. He was naturally of an impetuous temperament though generally he constrained himself to be respectful and considerate. Such a desertion from one he loved, however, overwhelmed whatever sense of control he had. His eyes looked daggers although his tone was clear and composite.

"Elizabeth Creighton," he declared, "you shall regret this treacherous act of yours once for every hour of your life if you live long enough."

Mill Creek did not seem to adapt itself to the vocation Lewis had come there to practise and he soon saw that a lawyer was out of place in such a ruralized district. While he was dwindling away his time trying to find clients, "Crab" Flint was by no means idle. For twelve years he had held the reins of political sway in his clever grasp, overcoming his enemies with intrigue and his lesser opponents with bribery. Now, however, he was beginning to feel the effects of advanced years and declared that he would retire from the mayorship if someone suitable could be found to fill his place. During his stay in political realms he had continued to operate the Dragon Claim and had reaped an immense fort-

une from its musty tunnels. At the talk of "Crab's" retiring from the mayorship all eyes were turned instinctively to two possible candidates—Dave Lewis and Jerry Gardiner. Dave was well educated and had a thorough knowledge of law while Jerry was the more popular. Flint had shown no special liking for Lewis during the brief time he had made his home in Mill Creek and therefore was at a loss what attitude to assume towards his election. On the other hand he hated Jerry keenly. Jerry couldn't explain it, but ever since he had recovered from the bruises received at the mysterious disappearance of Haynes and his daughter he had seemed to incur the extreme displeasure of the tyrant.

One evening Flint called a council of his cronies to discuss, as he told them, some business matters of great importance. The four met in his parlor around a carved mahogany table. Before him on the table was spread a detailed diagram of the "Dragon." All the shafts, leads, and levels of the mine were set forth with accuracy.

"Well, fellows," began the monarch, "I've got an idea I want to put up to you. As you know, it is my purpose to withdraw from the mayorship this year. Now it's only natural that I should stand back of someone who wants the job and there's only two fellows to choose from—Lewis and that rascal, Gardiner. You can see that I've practically got to stand up for Lewis and yet I'm not going to do it to no account, get me?"

The other three silently nodded their assent with their eyes fixed intently on their chief.

"There's something else comes in here," continued Flint, leaning forward over the table on his elbows, "that's this mine. I've been wondering for some time just what to do with it and now

I've got a fine idea. We know where all the wealth of the claim is, don't we? It's right under this house. But—the gold located in the veins under this house is not legally ours as you all understand, that is, it is outside of our claim and we have no legal right to mine it and neither has anybody else. This is my plan: Lewis is making a bum job of law out here and would be extra glad to get a job that paid. Many of the townspeople are looking to him as a possible mayor and many also are in favor of Gardiner. Now if I back Lewis he can get it easily, but if I oppose him he is sure to fail. In connection with other plans which I am about to tell you, I am going to back Lewis and make him think I'm with him. Meanwhile, there is the north-east lode, on the third level, the only passage that is connected with the dungeon under this house. The passage from the dungeon to the mine is cut off by the huge rock we placed there after we had dug through from the mine side and no miner has ever been through. What you're to do is to construct about this rock a strong wall of cement to prevent any knowledge of the dungeon's existence. Before you commence this, however, I shall pretend that I have been financially ruined by the failure of a New York bank in which all my money was invested and shall fire all the men from the mine. Lewis will by this time have become mayor with my aid and as soon as the cement wall has become thoroughly hard I shall approach him on the matter of buying the mine and if there's any brains left in his old skull he'll fall for it."

Flint's plan proved a success, as many dishonest ones do. At the moment when the rivalry was hottest between Jerry and Lewis, he stepped in and pro-

(Continued on page 28)

Out of Gas

By F. W. Saunders

LEWIS COURTNEY adjusted his racing helmet, walked slowly out of pit number five and jumped into a big red racer of the same number which was waiting at the edge of the road. His mechanic cranked the car. The huge exhaust pipe which emerged from the engine at the side of the hood and reached back beyond the spare tires, vomited forth deep-throated growls. Courtney shifted a gear and number five started slowly forward towards its starting position.

Long before, the stands had been filled with eager, expectant people waiting for the crack of the gun that would sent the first car forward on its 400-mile grind. Automobiles lined the course, packing every nook and cranny. Small boys filled the trees, and people lined the roofs of houses. One hour later twenty-four spick and span racers, painted in brilliant hues, were ready for the grilling drive of four hundred miles of wicked turns and good and bad straightaways split up into fifty laps of eight miles to a lap.

"Crack!" went the starter's pistol, and the first horse of steel and noise leaped to the road and vanished as if by magic in a cloud of smoke. At every fifteen seconds a racer leaped forward until the entire twenty-four had left. Courtney had started tenth. This was his first race and he was a bit nervous as he swept around Dead Man's Curve, but he soon calmed down. He had made up his mind beforehand to drive a steady race; so he refused to be enticed by the flash-

ing speed demons to open his machine to the utmost. Lap after lap the monsters went by, streaked with grime and oil, and belching out great quantities of smoke and noise. The tenth lap found No. 12 in the lead by over a lap. The pace it was setting was terrific. The machine could not stand it; so in the thirteenth lap Courtney passed it drawn up to one side of the road with a burnt-out bearing. The twentieth lap found Courtney in third place, still driving a steady pace. The lead was changing rapidly now. First one after another would win it only to go into the pit for a tire change, to take on gas, or make some other necessary change. The racers were spread over the entire course; a few had been forced to withdraw but the greater part still continued to radiate sound.

The thirtieth lap found Courtney and No. 5 still in third place, but he was fighting hard to retain it. Behind him he could hear the growls of No. 11 pursuing him, snarling like a wolf that scents its prey just ahead. All fear had long since departed and he drove grimly and steadily. The racers began to thin out rapidly, either unable to stand the horrible grilling or through some accident. Out of the twenty-four that started, ten remained. In the forty-first lap Courtney moved into second place. Behind him he could hear No. 11 still growling in the near distance. The forty-fifth lap had come. It was now or never. No. 5 seemed fairly to leap forward as

(Continued on page 26)

Bluff

By C. H. Gushee

YOU know, I was having the day off, for a wonder. It's strange, but days off and I seldom came in contact this past year, and this day I was introduced to one for the first time in a great while. However, although strangers, we always get along well together somehow, probably because of our familiarity during my high school days. The Safety Trust Company, where I work, had taken on a bunch of schoolboys for the summer, which fact gave me a day's freedom and also gave me less cause to hustle during the days to come.

Well, as I strolled along, busy doing nothing, I had just about decided the suburb of Donchesta was as dead as they make them, when along came my old friend, Jack Lovem. Jack was tall, comely enough, and had enough and to spare of brains, but he was so calm and retiring; even might be he called innocent. So you see, considering that he was an old school pal of mine, I thought it would be better if we two together were doing nothing, than one alone, and to aid him in the attempt, I offered him one of my favorite brand and a light. Prettysoon a venerable old lady advanced down the street, and since Jack "is a nice boy and doesn't smoke," he deemed it safer behind a billboard, and thither we repaired. More repairs were sadly needed, I soon found, for I had been noticing all along that Jack seemed a bit sad or maybe mad, and at last he unburdened his heart of all its weighty trials and tribulations and confided in

his truly sympathizing and kind friend, me. Now it doesn't seem right to me that anyone should be unhappy and, although I don't pretend to pass for cohesive sticking plaster for uniting the fragments of broken hearts, still I recognized that this was my cue to play the part of the friend in need. First I let him tell me his troubles. It seems he had been hunting for a job for the summer, the first one he ever took, I guess. He had high ambitions, as is the rule with beginners. His ideal job must have three qualifications, which a certain magazine article described, he explained: first, opportunity for increase in knowledge or physical benefit; second, congenial environment; third, sufficient pecuniary remuneration. I suspect he quoted those big words. Well, how he expected to land a job that would live up to his ideal, I don't know, but he was sure it was right there waiting for him but he didn't seem to come across it and, strange to relate, he didn't seem to be able to. Oh, he knew of jobs that suited partially, but none was up to his standard of judgment. He could work in a bowling alley and earn so much he would have to have an oversize wallet to carry it home in, "but it's so unhealthy." On the other hand he had been offered his board on a country farm provided he only worked from 3 a. m. to 6 p. m., and he was to have all his evenings off. Besides he had a pet scheme of typewriting away the summer, at which he was "very proficient" according to his instructor, but didn't know just

where to do it. Neither did I, but as I was a man of experience in the world, ahem, I gave him some advice.

"Bluff," said I. "Bluff, and then bluff some more. When anyone tells you to do something you don't know how to do, just do it anyway. When anyone says no, just ask him again in five minutes and he'll like as not say yes. Have a lot of nerve and don't get nervous, and you'll be on the express elevator to success."

Just now, I allow, my opinions are somewhat changed, but I was doing my best, and I threw in a little story for luck.

"When I left school, I started at once to get a job. I had heard that a certain company wanted a boy and so I applied. When I entered the office, I was throbbing with excitement, and was decidedly happy. I found the man in charge and confidently told him what I wanted. When he spoke, however, all of a sudden a thought of what a little insignificant kid I was sort of rushed over me and just as the boss was saying, 'We pay twelve'—he was interrupted by my losing my hat. I immediately turned, placing my foot full upon it, and then rising from an attempt to regain it as awkward as a boy's bow in public declamation, I banged my cranium against that brass rail with a blow that would make that old 'irresistible object meeting an immovable body' stuff seem mild. Well, when I was again upright, the boss said, 'We pay—' well, what the deuce!"

There I was reeling off a perfectly good yarn and about to add that when I had risen, the pay had fallen to seven per, instead of the twelve almost offered, merely because he saw I was a crude beginner, when I looked up, and there was Jack away off looking through

a hole in the billboard, while I was exercising my vocal chords all alone with myself. Wouldn't that get you mad? But then ungratefulness is the lot of all us benevolent persons, anyway.

I went over to the billboard and gazed out also, but was at a loss to account for the object of interest until I happened to see a young lady walking along the street, and on her Jack's eyes were focused. That was the first symptom of heart disease I had ever noticed in him, but it was soon to be followed by another, for when she had passed, he remarked that he'd better be going along towards home soon. Now even if I am dense, the little fact percolated the interstices of my head that his home lay in the direction she had taken. We walked along a little way together until we reached my house, and on the way I told him of several places I went to for the bank, where he might find employment, and he in turn said he'd take the very first place offered him. When I entered the house, he at once set off on the run, and it didn't require any especial exertion of my mental powers to guess where or why.

The very next day at the bank, I was thinking of him and dreamily picturing him at work, when I was awakened by the peremptory summons, "Boy, go down to the Central Garage for a deposit."

"Yes, sir," said I, and off I went to the garage.

When I entered, the man in charge shouted to a boy on the far side of the building, "Fill those cars with gas, kid," and he went to get the deposit ready. There I was waiting, when there burst from the lips of that man a procession of oaths the equal of which I have never heard. Oh, how some wayward youth, an innocent collector of rare expressions

(Continued on page 24)

The Editors' Page

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COME ON IN! THE WATER'S FINE!

SAY, fellows, spring's here! What are you going to do, loaf? Why not join the outdoor track team? A special effort is to be made this year.

In previous years a few men have come out, practised, and won a few points in the city meet. This year Latin is going to win that meet! Do you get that? We're going to win it, but Coach O'Brien can't turn out a winner with only a few men. Several stars won't win a meet. We need men to pick up the third and fourth places. Won't you come out and help? To win that meet we need those places. Coach O'Brien has announced that he will devote two days a week to the track performers. Not much attention has been centered on outdoor track before but we want to make it a banner year.

How about some of you lazy gents in the first class? Fifty per cent of you fellows will have a class history composed of merely the date of entrance in the Latin School. Look at last year's REGISTER and see if you like the looks of some of the class histories there. The one line boys! Why not amount to something? Coach O'Brien doesn't want a bunch of yellow fellows out there who

show up the first week and then no more because they think they can't win. He wants men who will stick to it and he needs a bunch at once. Don't think that because you didn't come out for indoor track, you haven't a show in outdoor. Everyone practically begins over again.

Most of the big colleges are recognizing the value of athletics and physical training. These are compulsory in the freshman year. Learn to like athletics in high school. Not every fellow that comes out will be a star but every man can put up a creditable performance if he sticks to it. Track brings out the sand in a man. You will need it in after life. Track shows what a fellow can do. He is entirely dependent upon himself. He must plan his own fight and use his own judgment.

At the first of every track season quite a number respond. In two weeks the squad has fallen down to half the number. Are they yellow? Ask yourself. Are you yellow? The greater part of the track team is not composed of stars but of men who have one quality, determination. They get the third and fourth places on account of perseverance.

Track is different from any other

sport. Team work in the sense used in football is almost unknown. The individual is the thing. Latin has never had a championship track team. Let's win one for a change. Out of scanty and poor material Coach O'Brien turned out an indoor track team that took third place in the Regimentals. Suppose he had a wealth of material? It's up to you to supply that material. Let's show Commerce and English that we can put out a championship team! Don't be lazy and sit back waiting for the other fellow to do your work. Don't put it by with the thought that Franklin Field is too far away. Show a little pep; every one else can get there; so can you!

Just a parting shot. What have you done for your school? Fifty per cent at least can answer, "Nothing." You owe it to the Latin School to extend her glory in every possible manner. A bunch of you spend four or six years there, study a little, flunk some, and then pass on—forgotten. You get everything out of the school and give absolutely nothing in return. So now that spring is in the air, come on out for track! You'll learn to like it when you feel your spikes biting into the firm, springy cinders. Outdoor track calls you! How about a championship team?

F. W. S.

Marooned

By H. E. Whiting

WHEN Jerry Abbot found himself alone on a solitary island in the South Seas, he felt quite lost. That first night on shore, with the wind moaning through the grim forests, the dense shadows in which silent foes seemed to lurk, the seas pounding on the sands, and the pale moon shedding uncanny light on the mysterious surroundings, had almost unnerved him as he crouched on the beach, with racing blood and blanched face, his gun ready for action.

The glorious dawn however, dispelled his fears. The rosy sky grew lighter and lighter, revealing a calm turquoise sea; a green mass of forest giants blended, farther off, with the fairer green of low foothills that seemed to pile themselves upon each other; and finally, in the distance, the summit of a lofty mountain shrouded in purple mystery.

Jerry, noting the beauty of his surroundings, arose and stretched himself. He was about eighteen years old, somewhat tall, slender, yet had not a weak line in his whole body. Three months before he had obtained passage on a steamer bound from Manila to the United States, his native land. On the voyage, he had fallen overboard during a storm and had been picked up by a Malay pirateer. The captain of this vessel had villainously left him on this island, being unable to use him in any way. But to return to our story. The day had revived his courage so completely that he began to feel hungry. He picked some tropical fruit that was growing in abundance nearby, and ate it leisurely, considering at the same time what he should first do. At length, having finished eating, he shouldered his

gun, the only weapon left him, and plunged into the forest.

And then happened an incident that led to some rather curious adventures. He had had the feeling for about an hour that he was being trailed. Being unable to tell whether his life was in any danger or not, he decided upon a plan to outwit his follower. At increased speed he dashed ahead, and soon entered a small clearing. Hurrying across this he broke down the bushes on the opposite side to make it appear that he had gone on. Then he secreted himself at one side where he could watch. He had not long to wait. Soon a savage countenance was thrust cautiously into the clearing, and then a magnificent specimen of a black appeared.

Jerry's first impulse was to shoot the fellow where he stood but something seemed to hold him back. The black would make a useful friend; perhaps he was alone. He held his gun ready to shoot if another should enter the clearing. Suddenly there was a terrible snarl, a wild shriek of fear, and a furry form launched itself from a tree upon the terror-stricken black; the gun spoke, and a cat rolled dead at the savage's feet. Jerry stood and faced the other, who, dumb with fear, and surprise, stood gazing first at the beast and then at the boy. At length he stretched himself prone at poor Jerry's feet and spoke to him in a curious tongue; it seemed to be a Spanish mixture that might have been used centuries before, corrupted by a native tongue.

"Khan gives thanks. A white god again visits our island. He has saved the life of the chief's son. He carries the thunder-stick! Welcome!"

This speech was delivered by the savage in a low guttural voice, with curious gesticulations. Jerry thought hasti-

ly. Probably the black was mad. He might as well humor him. Besides, having made a friend, he could use him to good advantage; so he replied in his best Spanish:

"It is true that I have come again to visit my people. Lead me to them quickly. I have travelled far to see them," and Jerry smiled.

The black nodded. "I will obey you."

He glided forward at a fast pace, and after a short time, the summit of a lofty hill was reached. On the plain below lay a village, the usual type of native settlement that is to be seen in the South Sea islands. Around it lay a massive wall of hewn rocks with an immense gate that would have done credit to St. Augustine,—typically Spanish. Jerry wondered at it. At first he had the feeling that 'whom the gods would destroy they first make mad.' He hastened after his guide, who was waiting impatiently to show the people his 'find.'

The reception was a grand success. The village population crowded around him to honor, all pledging allegiance to him, the 'white god.' Then Khan, as the chief's son, placed a great feathered head-piece on Jerry, and a robe of beautifully matched skins over his shoulders. Then Jerry was led to a seat of honor, and watched the savages dance around a great fire. Finally, to his intense relief, the dance ended. At length, after more ceremony, the most interesting part of the exercises came—the refreshments! Jerry was really hungry, and did credit to the several native dishes that were placed before him. It was a good thing he was not particular about his food that night.

At length he arose, and motioned for Khan to lead him to his 'sleeping apartments.' To his surprise, he was conducted to a large cave outside the village.

12 *Latin School Register*

Khan spoke. "I go no father; only the immortal may enter."

Jerry was glad to be left alone. Securing a torch from Khan, he drew a long breath of relief and started down the long cavern in which the air smelled of salt, indicating the nearness of the sea.

After a short walk, he came to a wider chamber, curiously furnished. On the floor lay a great oaken chest, decayed with age, with massive brass lock and corners. There was a sort of altar at one side, with a bronze crucifix upon it. A rough table and two chairs were placed on another side of the cave. These, with torch-holders all about the room and a heavy door at the back, completed the furnishings.

Jerry placed his torch in a holder and first examined the chest. It was locked. Corroded with the damp sea-air, it was easily opened by a little exertion on Jerry's part. On the top lay a bit of canvas. He pulled it aside impatiently. Underneath this lay a beautiful sword of fine steel with a handsomely adorned hilt.

"What a beauty!" he murmured.

Beside this lay two pistols curiously decorated. Then came a wooden tray. He eagerly lifted it up. Shining in the dim torch-light, there lay a pile of minted gold, English, French and Spanish—the latter predominating—all dated in the early 16th century. He sifted it through his fingers, fondling the cold, hard surface of the yellow metal.

"If I ever get back to civilization, I'll surely enjoy myself!"

He poked deeper into the chest. His prying fingers touched something yielding. It proved to be a roll of ancient cordovan. He unwound it carefully, revealing several sheets of paper, all written upon in curious Spanish handwriting. He attempted to read a little

of it, and to his surprise, found his task quite easy. We shall not stop for a translation of the script, but will give a summary of what he read.

It seemed that a certain wealthy Spaniard, Don Herto Ibanez, had been detailed by his king to found a military colony on the island of Guiliolino. He had set sail in a galleon, but, blown out of his course by storms, had been wrecked on this island, and the entire ship's company, excepting himself, had perished. Ibanez was found by some natives, and because of light skin and strange apparel, was considered by them as a god. He played the 'god' part well, and succeeded in regaining some of the ship's treasure. In return, he fortified the town with the great stone wall after the Spanish style, and also influenced the native speech. Meanwhile he had explored the caves carefully and had found that one passage ran to the sea. Realizing that any turn of fortune might make the natives hostile to him, he set about building a small boat with which he might escape from the island. He provisioned it well and placed the greater part of the ship's gold aboard. His worst fears were finally realized. The tribe was severely defeated in battle—the first defeat since he had come. The natives' anger was aroused against him, and he determined to flee that night. At this point, Ibanez' narrative ended. He evidently intended to finish it should he make good his escape. Jerry wondered what had become of him as he replaced the roll in the chest. Feeling sleepy, he stretched out on the table, folded his coat for a pillow, and was soon in a profound slumber.

Next morning, the sun was high in the heavens when he awoke. He jumped up; he had much to do, and had wasted too much time already. He first de-

terminated to look over the caves. He now really noticed for the first time the heavy door at the back. It was not easy to open; but finally it rolled back, and he gazed down the passage. At the end he could see a glimmer of light. The sea, fresh and breezy, stretched her blue expanse before him as far as he could see. Not a cloud was in the sky. In the distance was a fleet of canoes, probably on a fishing expedition. He turned back to the cave and attired himself in the garments given him the night before. He found the people waiting for him. Again the tiresome feast, the dancing and the other ceremonies. Poor Jerry was woe-fully sick of his life here, which continued for about a month. But meanwhile he was preparing for an escape. Given the freedom of the island, he managed to hide a boat in the cave where it led to the sea; and this he carefully stocked with food and gold. But luck failed him at last. As he went out of the cave one morning, he was seized and let to a stake to which he was securely fastened. To all his indignant queries, he received no answer, until an old man walked up to him and commenced to speak while all the crowd listened respectfully and assentingly.

"Centuries ago, another white came to our island whom we treated well and by whom we were well protected. He stayed with us, seemingly contented. But one morning he was seen at the water-side of the sacred caves filling a canoe with food. This was reported to the people. They had received the greatest insult that could be given them, —the refusal of hospitality. Overcom-

ing religious awe, they seized the god as he left the caves, and by common consent, burned him. You were seen this morning in the same act. Can we do better than follow the wisdom of our ancestors? You will receive the same fate!"

Jerry was horrified at his plight. It seemed a terrible nightmare while fagots were being piled about him and, finally, a flame spurted out on the dry wood. He struggled to get free. The flames drew nearer. Suddenly, a great shout; a panting messenger ran up and shouted "To arms! The enemy are attacking!"

Jerry was forgotten in the mad rush that followed. Taking advantage of this, he gave a great jerk and tore himself loose, kicked aside the burning embers, ran straight for the gate, scurried through, just in time, and hurried for dear life to the caves. He sped down the passageway, on and on, till his heart beat like a trip-hammer. Then he caught the glimmer of light from the sea, and, reaching the boat, he pushed it into the water, seized a paddle, and shot out into the bay. He had been seen however, and now a war canoe followed in his course, gaining rapidly. His hopes had almost ebbed away, when suddenly, beyond a promontory, he saw a ship. He caught up his gun and fired, —once, twice, three times. And clearly across the waters, he heard the guns of a United States warship belch forth a cheering answer. He was safe! He looked around, saw the savages turn and paddle back, and then, to finish it all, he fainted away, just like a woman!

In Room 13 the Bible reading on the morning of February 20, 1920 was from a copy printed in London in 1610 and brought to school by L. E. Bunker, '20.

The Lucky Shot

By Phillips L. Boyd

IT WAS nearing the last of September. Bob Taylor and his chum, Fred Appleton, had come up to camp on Moore's Island, in the Upper Magaguadavic Lake, New Brunswick. They had planned to spend this two weeks, previous to the opening of college, in hunting deer and moose, but, although the two boys had been in camp ten days already and had tramped many miles, they saw only one deer, which had been their sole prize.

One morning, discouraged, they decided to explore Stony Brook, a stream which flows into the north end of the lake. They brought their guns along in case of emergency. A canoe can go only up to the mouth of the brook. Here begins a trail which follows along the stream. At this point, the boys left their canoe and followed the trail. Soon they left the trail and struck out toward the brook until they came to a big pool, which seemed just right for trout.

"I move that we take a rest there," said Bob, pointing to a big boulder high above the pool.

"Me, too," replied Fred.

It was a clear, crisp morning and it was a delight to be alive and to inhale the pure, fragrant air of the woods. The boys sat down on the rocks and amused themselves by watching the small trout darting to and fro. Fred stepped down to a little waterfall not far from the edge of the pool, to get a drink. Suddenly Bob heard a crashing and tearing of boughs, and out of the alders, about two

hundred yards upstream, appeared a big bull moose. With a swift glance Bob estimated that the animal's antlers must have at least ten points. Bob, whose heart was pounding with excitement, tossed a stone to attract the attention of Fred, who, down by a roaring rapid, had not heard the animal. Fred felt the stone and looked up. He immediately saw the moose, just as Bob seized his gun, aimed and fired.

The moose bounded into the air, evidently hit, but regained his feet and started off leaping and crashing through the underbrush. By this time, Fred had reached his gun and both boys started in pursuit. The tracks were large and, as it had rained the night before, were easy to follow. Every few feet the boys saw drops of blood. They followed, struggling through blueberry barrens, swamps, and swales, over bogs, around boulders and through thickets. In spite of loss of blood, the moose kept up his pace and the boys did not gain on him. He was running in a northerly direction toward Flat Top Mountain.

At last Bob spoke. "That moose has grit but we've got to get him."

"You're right," answered Fred. "I wonder where you hit him."

"It doesn't seem as though it could have been a vital spot."

"Well, I have heard of moose that had been badly hit and ran all day before they fell," answered Fred, pausing to leap a brook.

Then both boys shut their lips with determination and followed further and

further into the wilderness. It was a wilderness indeed. It had been burnt over in the fall of 1909 and huge, charred, partly decayed trunks of trees lay fallen in their path or reared out of the new growth of underbrush. Now the boys, following the enlarging splotches of blood, began to go up hill. They realized that they were ascending Flat Top Mountain. When they were about half way up, they heard the moose crashing along ahead of them, yet, although they seemed so close, it was half an hour before they saw him, standing exhausted before a large dead tree at the top of the mountain. The boys worked up to within fifteen yards.

Bob whispered, "I'll fire first and if I miss, you fire!"

"All right! Just as you say!" replied Fred in a whisper.

Both took careful aim. The distance was so short that there was hardly a chance to miss. Bob, however, whose hand was trembling with excitement, hit—not the moose,—but the side of the tree behind the animal and tore off a strip of rotten wood about three inches wide. The next instant Fred fired and killed the moose by shooting it in the heart. Bob was disgusted with himself, but, led by curiosity, went up to the tree and looked at the hole. He saw something glitter, stuck his hand in and felt a piece of cold metal. He drew it out and was astonished to see a dull, gold coin in his hand.

He cried out in excitement, "Come here, Fred!" Fred came shouting, "Your first shot hit just in front of the hip!"

When Fred reached him, Bob asked, "Did you ever hear that there was an old farmstead on Flat Top?"

"No," replied Fred. "What about it? Let's look at the moose."

"Some one at the settlement told me that a French Canadian lived here and trapped," persisted Bob. "He was thought to be a miser and to have a lot of money, but when he died no one could ever find any."

"Well, what are you driving at, anyway?"

"We've found the miser's treasure!" And he showed the coin to Fred. "See the remains of the cellar over there?"

There were some old fragments of masonry protruding above the ground,—unmistakeably a cellar,—which were overgrown with blackberry bushes.

As soon as Fred realized that Bob had actually found the hoard, he unsheathed his axe and enlarged the hole. Inside they found an old bag made of canvas, which had partly decayed and spilled the coins. They removed the bag and found about a peck of gold and silver pieces. These, the boys found upon examination, were minted in France, England and the United States about seventy-five years ago. Then they examined the bag and in the bottom found a small pouch made of deerskin and tied with rawhide thongs. In this pouch was a note, which Bob read:

"I, John Courche, a French Canadian, getting my living lawfully by trapping, leave my entire fortune to Jane Clair. The reason that I am hiding this is because I am being tracked by an Indian. If it should happen that no one should find this until after she dies, they may keep half and give the rest to her descendants.

JOHN COURCHE.

Feb. 8, 1867.

"Well, since we are going to break camp in a few days anyway, I say that

we break camp now and take the money to the settlement and see if we can find any descendants of Jane Clair."

"Fine!" replied Bob. "But how about the antlers? They are such beauties that it would be a shame to leave them."

"All right, then I'll carry them and you can take care of the money and note."

While the two worked at the task of skinning the moose, they talked excitedly of the prospects of finding the heirs and what they should do with their own sudden good fortune. After several hours they finished their task, made up their packs and retraced their steps to the canoe. After paddling half an hour, they arrived at Moore's Island, prepared supper and sank into their beds of fir boughs for a heavy sleep of exhaustion.

Next morning they broke camp and started for the settlement ten miles away. They left everything except their guns, the money and the note at the landing and set out on foot. Three hours later they arrived at the first house and knocked. Bob asked the old lady who responded,

"Does Jane Clair live in this neighborhood?"

"Jane Clair was my sister!" exclaimed the old lady in surprise. "Why she has been dead these twenty years! She married John Whitcomb fifty years ago. Her son, Bill Whitcomb, the only child that lived to grow up, lives four houses down the road."

"Thank you!" replied both boys and leaving the old woman wild with curiosity, they proceeded along the road until they stopped at a small frame house which was much the worse for wear. Fred knocked and an unkempt man opened the door.

"Are you the son of Mrs. Jane Whitcomb?" asked Bob.

"Yes, I am," he answered gruffly.

"What do you want?"

"Well, it's this way," replied Bob. "Your mother is dead, isn't she?" The man nodded and Bob continued, "To make a long story short, we were hunting over by Flat Top and I missed a shot at a moose and hit the tree in back of him. In this tree we found a bag of coins with this note in it." Bob handed the note to the man who read it. After studying it for some time he said,

"Where's the money?"

The boys opened their blanket roll and showed it to him. The man had never seen so many coins before and, overcome with amazement said, "And I am to have half of this? It'll come in pretty handy just now, as I have a note to meet." Then as an afterthought he added, "Who are you fellers, anyhow?"

"I'm Fred Appleton and this is Bob Taylor. We're both students at Harvard College in Cambridge, Massachusetts," replied Fred.

"Well, fellers, let's divide!" he said genially, with a quick change from his previous surly manner.

After the money was apportioned and the boys had received their share, the old woman, the sister of Jane Clair, came up the road and asked why they wanted her nephew. Bob told her and, full of curiosity himself, asked,

"But why should John Courche leave this money to Jane Clair?"

"It's kind o' romantic," responded the old lady. "This John Courche was taken a good deal with my sister and proposed marriage. But my pa wouldn't listen to it and said that John Courche wasn't worthy of his daughter. Sixty years ago he was murdered by a half breed Injun and after his death no word of money or anything could be found."

"Well, you've cleared up a mystery!"

(Continued on page 24)

Track Talk

By N. F. Stuart

At the Legion Games, held at the East Armory, February 23, the two-lap relay team from this school, for the third time defeated that of our great rival, English High School. For the third time, Ellis was responsible for the win by his fine running.

Bunker, who starred for Latin, outran Gilmore, our opponent's runner, and handed over a lead of three yards to Captain Rogers of our school. Rogers gained on Whelton, Captain of English High, and handed over a lead of five yards to Hill. Mahoney of English High gradually closed up on Hill until at the finish it was neck and neck. Here Ellis was given the baton and pitted against the best runner in English High School, Foster, he easily showed his superiority. Ellis seemed to be fooling with his opponent the first lap and let him pass him. It certainly was a sight to see the spectators rise to their feet when Foster took the lead from our runner. Much more exciting it was, though, when on the second lap, Ellis let out and breezed by Foster so fast that the latter didn't know what happened. More and more Ellis gained until at the tape about fifteen yards separated the anchor runners of both schools.

COME OUT FOR OUTDOOR TRACK

* * *

B. L. S. 41

H. S. of C. 36

On Friday, March 5, Boston Latin won over the High School of Commerce, by 5 points, the final score being 41 to 36. The high jump was the event to have settled the meet but, as our opponent's jumpers failed to appear, Latin was awarded the meet.

There were two excellent races, the 600-yd. run, and the 1000-yd. run. Both were won by men wearing the "Purple and White." The first part of the 600-yd. run was very close, with Beardsley of Commerce leading the field. With two laps to go Glickman went into first place but Hanley of Commerce was in second place only a few feet behind the leader. At the bell lap Glickman let out, as did Hanley and, it was "nip and tuck," but Glickman won by a few yards after running an excellent race. Ryan nosed Nordberg, his teammate, out of third place after clever running.

In the 1000-yd. run the star was Mowles. Running in last place, he forced his way into fifth place and was content to run there until the start of the last lap, when he uncorked a spurt and before anyone was aware of it, had passed McDermott and Pierce, who had been leading him. It was at about two feet from the tape that he passed the latter and won five points for our school after having given a fine performance.

In the 300-yd. run Bunker, Latin's best bet in that race, got a poor start and was the last one to the first corner. Running well and fighting every inch of the way, he cut down the lead of Lundell of Commerce and, had there been a few yards more to go, would have passed the winner. Captain Rogers, who was unable to run in the 600-yd. run, because of his youth, won third place, just trailing his teammate.

All four places in the dash went to Commerce, and this goes to show that our greatest weakness is in this event.

18 Latin School Register

The summary:

50-yard dash—Won by Marley, Commerce; Simmons, Commerce, second; Murray, Commerce, third; White, Commerce, fourth. Time 6 2-5s.

300-yard run—Won by Lundell, Commerce; Bunker, Latin, second; Rogers, Latin, third; Mills, Commerce, fourth. Time 36 3-5s.

600-yard run—Won by Glickman, Latin; Hanley, Commerce, second; Ryan Latin, third; Nordberg, Latin, fourth. Time 1m. 27 4-5s.

1000-yard run—Won by Mowles, Latin; Pierce, Latin, second; McDermott, Latin, third; Saunders, Latin, fourth. Time 2m. 43 2-5s.

50-yard hurdles—Won by Myron, Latin; Conway, Commerce, second; Reycroft, Latin, third; Bladgdon, Commerce, fourth. Time 7 3-5s.

Standing broad jump—Won by Koplowl, Latin, distance 9 ft. 3 1-4in.; Murray, Commerce, second, distance 9 ft. 1 in.; Griffin, Commerce, third, distance 8 ft. 9³/₄in; Sullivan, Latin, fourth, distance, 8 ft. 9 in.

12-pound shotput—Won by Beardsley, Commerce, distance 36 ft. 10 in.; Doherty, Latin, second, distance 35 ft. 9 1-4in.; Lundell, Commerce, third, distance 34 ft. 9 1-2 in.

	B. L. S. H. S. C.	
50-yd. dash.....	0	11
300-yd. run	5	6
600-yd. run	8	3
1000-yd. run ...	11	0
50-yd. Hurdles	7	4
Broad Jump.....	6	5
Shot Put.....	4	7
	—	—
Total.....	41	36

COME OUT FOR OUTDOOR TRACK

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E. H. S. 57 1-6 B. L. S. 30 5-6

At the East Armory, March 9, English High defeated Boston Latin in their annual track meet. The races

were close and finely contested. The finals of the 50-yard hurdle race and the 600-yard run were the best of the day.

In the 50-yard hurdle race all four starters were off together. At the first hurdle Myron of Latin School and Whelton of English High were tied. The other two runners were just back of the leaders. The order remained the same until topping the last hurdle, where Myron slipped and had to be content with fourth instead of first, or at least second, place.

In the 600-yard run Morgan of English took the lead with Mahoney, his teammate, following at his heels. Glickman of Latin was third. The order remained the same through the race, but at the final lap all three were close and only a few feet separated the runners who won places.

It might seem to some that the fouling of a Latin School boy by an English High runner is to be unheard of, but it really happened. At the start of the 300-yd. run Gilmore of English High deliberately pushed Bunker of this school, and the result was that Bunker did not fare very well at the start. Nothing was said about the deed of the English runner. Let us hope that for the sake of sportsmanship and the sport itself, there will be officials present who will see to it that such a boy be excluded from a place. In a hard run and fighting every inch of the way, Bunker won third place but with much more credit than he who won second place.

In the 50-yard dash English showed its superiority over our school by winning the first three places.

The 1000-yd. run was won by Kirley of English, who took the lead from Mowles at the start of the bell lap and breezed home a winner by about 20 yards.

The Summary:

50-yard dash—Won by Dewitt, En-

glish; Tyler, English second; Miller, English, third; Sullivan, Latin, fourth.

300-yd. run—Won by Foster, English; Gilmore, English, second; Bunker, Latin, third; Crosby, Latin, fourth.

600-yd. run—Won by Morgan, English; Mahoney, English, second; Glickman, Latin, third; Ryan, Latin, fourth.

1000-yd. run—Won by Kirley, English; Mowles, Latin, second; McDermott, Latin, third; Vocke, Latin, fourth.

50-yd. hurdles—Won by Whelton, English; Reycroft, Latin, second; Algar, English, third; Myron, Latin, fourth.

Standing broad jump—Won by Tyler, English, distance 9 ft. 4 in.; Koplow, Latin, second, distance 9 ft. 3 1-4 in.; Sullivan, Latin, third, distance 8 ft 9 in.; Whelton, English, fourth, distance 8 ft. 7 in.

12-pound shotput—Won by Foster, English, distance 37 ft. 6 1-2 in.; Doherty, Latin, second, distance 35 ft. 9 1-4 in.; Donovan, Latin, third, distance 34 ft. 9 1-2 in.; Roemer, English, fourth, distance 33 ft. 9 in.

High jump—Tie between Werman and Robinson, E. H. S., and Gilson, B. L. S.; tie for fourth place between Morrison, E. H. S. and Kennedy B.L.S.

	B. L. S.	E. H. S.
50-yd. dash	1	10
300-yd run	3	8
600-yd. run	3	8
1000-yd. run	6	5
50-yd. Hurdles	4	7
Broad jump	5	6
Shot put	5	6
High jump	3 5-6	7 1-6
Total	30 5-6	57 1-6

COME OUT FOR OUTDOOR TRACK!

THE REGIMENTAL MEET

The twelfth annual meet of the Track and Field League of the Boston High Schools was held in the East Armory on Saturday, March 13. The meet resulted in a victory for the High School of Commerce, whose athletes scored 62 points. English High School was second with 46 1-2 points, and Boston Latin with 38 points was third. East Boston High School was fourth with 20 points. The remaining points were divided among Hyde Park High, Brighton High, South Boston High, Dorchester High, West Roxbury High, Boston Trade, Charlestown High, and Mechanic Arts High.

The intermediates representing this school uncovered a surprise when they won the championship of that division.

Only one record was broken and six others were established. Hussey of Hyde Park was the only record-breaker, winning the 300-yd. run in 56 seconds. This runner has also the distinction of being the only double-first place-winner, winning the broad jump and 300-yard run.

We had three boys in the senior division who stood out very prominently. They are Ryan, Bunker, and Myron. Ryan, running his second 1000-yd. run, was third to cross the finish line. He did not get a very good start and so was forced to fight his way up to third place. Time and again it looked as if this runner would pass Kirley of English High but the latter could hold his own when put to the test. Walsh, a former member of this school, won the race by about two yards from Kirley of English High School. Ryan was a yard in the rear of Kirley and we must say that the boy wearing the "Purple and White" ran his best race.

Bunker, a second place winner in the

20 Latin School Register

300-yd. run, cannot receive enough praise for his hard work throughout the track season. He has always been an earnest worker and fine sportsman. At the start of his race he was in fifth place. He passed two runners and ran in third place until about four yards from the tape, when he passed Lundell of Commerce and won second place.

Myron, who topped the timbers in the best of form, was a second-place winner, and it was due to his fine running that Whelton of English High was forced to make such good time. Harris was a winner in the intermediate division by breaking the tape in the hurdles event. Nordberg ran a race that can bring only the highest of praise. At the beginning of the second lap he was running sixth. Here he started to work his way to the fore and at the finish ended in second place. It is hard enough to run a race and win second place without having to pass four runners.

As has been the case in other years, the juniors were very weak. They did not win a place in the finals of the running events and this is the main reason why we were not nearer the top in the total of the points won.

Great credit is due Captain Rogers and the other members of the Track Team of the Boston Latin School for the sportsmanship displayed by them in the contests in which they took part.

The following is the summary of the Latin School point winners.

SENIOR

Hurdles—Myron, second, 3 points.
300-yd. run—Bunker, second, 3 pts.
1000-yd. run—Ryan, third, 2 points.
Broad jump—Koplow, third, 2 points.

INTERMEDIATE

50-yd. dash—Russman, second, 3 pts.
200-yd. run—Rogers, third, 2 points.
Hurdles, Harris, first, 5 points.
600-yd. run—Nordberg, second, 3 pts.
High jump—Kennedy, second, 3 pts.
High jump, Burke—tie for third,
1 1-2 points.
Shot put—Nordberg, third 2 points.

JUNIOR

Broad jump—Lund, fourth, 1 point.
High jump—Andrews, tie for third,
1 1-2 points.
Shot put—Crook, second, 3 points.
Shot put—Elton, third, 2 points.
Shot put—Golden, fourth 1 point.
Total 38 points.

COME OUT FOR OUTDOOR TRACK!

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CREW

With the approach of seasonable weather a decided increase in interest has been noticed in crew. Prospects for a good crew are very bright indeed as there are many veterans, who will again represent the school. It has been many years since the outlook has been so bright.

The fact that there are so many veterans should not deter any boy from trying to gain a seat in either the first or the second boat. There seems to be a lack of coxswains; so let us have any boy who weighs about ninety pounds come out for that seat and make his letter. Although there seems to be a fine squad, we want to see more oarsmen out. Any boy who weighs about one hundred forty pounds or over and is fairly tall, has an excellent chance to be a prominent member in a sport that is considered nearly the hardest but yet among the most beneficial.

(Continued on page 22)



OH SLUSH!

Squirreelfood: "You're rather a light sleeper aren't you?"

Krazykat: "Yes, about a hundred and ten pounds."

* * *

HOW PERFECTLY TRUE

Teacher: "Did you have any trouble with your lessons last night?"

Ardent Junior: "No sir, they didn't trouble me in the least."

* * *

Judging from the design of the Seniors' rings and class pins, they are already building castles.

* * *

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* * *

PLAYING SAFE

Hokus: "Why didn't you join the cavalry in the late war?"

Pokus: "When that retreat sounded I didn't want to be dragging any horse after me."

* * *

Glaciers finally break off into Weisbergs.

HEARD IN THE CLASSROOM

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, while his parents were traveling in Europe.

* * *

Abraham Lincoln was born in 1809 in Kentucky, in a log cabin which he helped his father build.

* * *

Teacher in the Greek class discussing the word "Algos" meaning pain: "Give me some English derivations of this word."

Voice from the rear: "Algebra—pain in the head!"

* * *

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

Glickman: "I always do my hardest work before breakfast."

Todd: "What's that?"

G.: "Getting up."

T.: "Ditto!"

* * *

A PERFECT THIRTY-SIX

Bean: "Was she shy when you asked her her age?"

Nut: "Yes, I imagine about five years."

SPORTS

(Concluded from page 20)

The oarsmen who have had experience in previous races are Capt. Strauss, Stuart, Norton, and Scheffreen. Other boys who have signified the intention of being members of the squad, are Cleary of football fame, who has had experience in a shell, Hailparn, Doherty, and Ellis. The only verteian coxswain is Watson, and it is unknown at this time whether or not he will be overweight for the races. Let us see at least 100 oarsmen and 15 coxswains at the next practice.

* * *

COME OUT FOR OUTDOOR TRACK!

* * *

The following members of the Track Team have been awarded their "L's." Captain Rogers, Bunker, Crosby, Daley, Ellis, Gilson, Glickman, Harris, Hill, Hull, Koplow, Lombard, Myron, Rogers, Russman, Ryan, Saunders, Scheffreen (Mgr.).

* * *

COME OUT FOR OUTDOOR TRACK!

1920

BASEBALL SCHEDULE

April 13—Hyde Park H. S.

14—Milton Academy

19—Open

24—Thayer Academy

27—Mechanic Arts

30—Boston College High

May 4—H. S. of Commerce

7—Brockton High

11—English High

15—Groton

18—Mechanic Arts

21—Dorchester High

25—H. S. of Commerce

28—Milton High

June 1—English High

* * *

MORE PEP LATIN!

* * *

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ENTIRELY ORIGINAL

1st Freshman: "Gee whiz, that Latin teacher gave me a nasty look!"

2nd F.: "G'wan, Jimmy, you always had it."

* * *

THE ERROR

"They asked me to their reception, but it wasn't because they liked me; it was only because I can sing."

"Oh, I'm sure you're mistaken, dear!"

(Concluded from page 16)

said Bob and then turning to Mr. Whitcomb asked, "Can you get a wagon to take our dunnage out to the railway tomorrow?"

"Sure! Anything you need,—but just now it's time to eat! Dinner's on the table. Come on in, too, Aunt Sally!" And as the group filed into the little kitchen, Whitcomb, said "That was a lucky shot!"

(Continued from page 8)

of contempt, would have revelled in such an atmosphere! I was amazed and looked to see the cause of the disturbance. There across the garage was the boy vigorously pumping gasoline from a portable tank with its hose thrust into the radiator of an automobile. The ridiculousness of the situation hit me and I was about to roar with laughter, when the boy turned about, and it was Jack Lovem. Say, I was so ashamed of my advice then that I ducked into the little office, where the whole force of the affair struck me so hard it must have fractured my funny bone and I went into hysterical laughter while poor Jack flew out minus a job. After a while I managed to quiet down and count the de-

posit, even then afflicted with sudden fits of joy. It actually took me so long that when I returned to the bank, the teller, seeing my smiling features, hesitated whether to inquire if there had been a funny show at the Orpheum, or whether a tieup on the Elevated had had its humorous aspect.

Some time after that I heard the story of his further adventures. He had tried a drug store where for the short period of a few hours, he had menaced the health of the community with his "just as good" following my advice to have a lot of nerve.

"Hey, boy. Go up to Jones Brothers, the brokers, and stay there till you get these bonds," said the boss next day handing me an envelope.

I went up there and was told to wait a while. I waited. After I had read my paper clear through, including even the death column, solved the daily "brain food," and found the hidden person in the daily puzzle, I just did nothing but look around. Just then who should I see but Jack Lovem, talking to the cashier.

"Gee," said I, "this ought to be interesting. Guess I'll keep my eyes open."

They were talking away earnestly when a youthful stenographer suddenly jumped up and with her eyes glued on her notebook, evidently doubtful of a sentence, rushed up towards the cashier. She seemed to be unaware that he was engaged and was almost up to him when all at once she lifted her eyes and seeing Jack exclaimed, "Why, hello, John," and then drew back abashed.

"You know him?" asked the cashier. She nodded, and as she did so a great light dawned on me. The last time I had seen her was when I was standing behind a billboard. Now I ask you, was

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session as the years widen the
gap between us

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that a coincidence or a conspiracy? Alas, we may not know the intricacies of the female mind.

* * *

Well that cashier took her aside, asked her a few questions and when he came back, he hired Jack right off as an expert typist. As Jack came in, I became deeply engrossed in my paper and then looking up I recognized him and cried out, "Why, hello, Jack, what are you doing around here?" You should have seen his face. He turned red as a beet, fearing my recognition of his conspiracy, or was it a conspiracy?

"Say," said I, "I want to take back that stuff about bluff and nerve."

"It doesn't work, does it?"

"What's the best night school I could go to to learn typewriting?"

Well, do you know, I am going to night school, and I did 30 words a minute last night.

No, there's got to be something more than bluff, and believe me, I'm going to get it.

(Continued from page 6)

Courtney increased the speed. A mile ahead he could barely distinguish the leader. He must catch him and catch him he would. The people held their breath as they saw No. 5 go by. Courtney had opened it wide on the long straightaway. The huge car had attained a speed of 104 miles an hour.

It was a thrilling duel between Courtney and the leader. It seemed as if the mighty steel horses must be alive as they raced neck to neck down the San Vincente boulevard. The stands and people that lined the course were yelling, cheering, stamping, almost going wild. Courtney passed his old duellist, No. 11, now in third place. Then in the forty-ninth lap Courtney's antagonist blew a tire and turned over three times.

No. 5 was now in first place, undisputed. Only one lap—a mere eight miles—separated Courtney from victory. His nearest contestant was a lap behind with two more laps to go. As No. 5 shot up the Santa Monica boulevard for the last time, it was greeted by the cheering of thousands, for the great American spirit cheers pluck and determination. Up to Soldiers' Home Courtney swept and down San Vincente boulevard. He shut off No. 5 to take the turn into Nevada Avenue, but once around it, the big red racer, now grey with dust, refused to respond and stopped dead twenty feet from the finish. Frantically Courtney and his mechanic leaped out and examined the car for hidden trouble. No. 11 passed them in a cloud of dust and smoke, now on its last lap.

"God! to be beaten within twenty feet of victory!" groaned Courtney, hardly able to choke back the sobs that leaped into his throat. No. 11 would be there in several minutes. Suddenly a desperate thought sprang into his mind, and he determined at once to put it into action.

"Push! for God's sake, push!" he cried to his mechanic, as he shoved with frantic strength against the huge car. "We must get it across before No. 11 comes!"

At first even under the combined effort of the two men the car refused to budge, but straining every muscle and exerting every pound of strength and energy, the wheels slowly began to turn. The pit grew wild to leave their station, but forbidden by the rules to do so, hurled encouragement to the straining two. Foot by foot they pushed. The stands went wild. They were now five feet from victory and No. 11 was just rounding the curve a quarter of a mile behind. With one last mighty effort, the two

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men fairly lifted No. 5 and pushed it across the line. Another moment, but too late, No. 11 followed.

(Continued from page 5)

cured the victory for the latter. The feign of his financial ruin went off according to schedule two days after Lewis's election. All the men were discharged from the mine and a week later, after a heavy wall had been constructed by his cronies, he made a fatal visit to Lewis and succeeded in selling him the mine.

The following were happy days for Dave Lewis. He had a beautiful young wife in Betty Creighton, who never failed to cheer him in his darkest moments or to congratulate him on his successes. The Dragon claim turned out fine for six months and then the finds began to slump until finally almost a year after he had purchased the mine he found it was practically worthless. His happiness was suddenly ruined and he almost became broken-hearted over the failure of his project. In despair he discharged all his workers and abandoned the claim.

By this time "Crab" Flint, who hadn't grown old as fast as he had anticipated, decided he would run for mayor again the following year. Both Lewis and Jerry Gardiner opposed him but his money was too influential a factor for either of these to offset.

During these months of trial, Lewis became the father of a blue-eyed little son. This event, which was a source of untold joy to him, was followed by an equally disappointing one. During the past two years, while he had been striving to make a successful start in life, his father had aided him financially to a great extent. Now the news of his father's financial ruin at Wall Street struck him a sad blow.

Meantime, Jerry, who had been pro-

moted to the position of foreman of the XX ranch, lived the sullen, morose life of one who has been disappointed in love. He was very serious, but would talk to people freely. All the boys at the ranch feared him for his corporal abilities and pugilistic prowess. The XX was a large ranch of 1500 acres, the nearest part of which was about seven miles from Mill Creek.

One afternoon, after the boys had returned from a two weeks' round-up, Jerry made a trip to the village.

"Any news, Jeb?" he inquired of the rural storekeeper.

"No, they haint much but p'raps yez 'ud like to know that ole 'Crab' Flint's datter has jes' cum back from the Yeast. I understan' she's been a-schoolin' down thar."

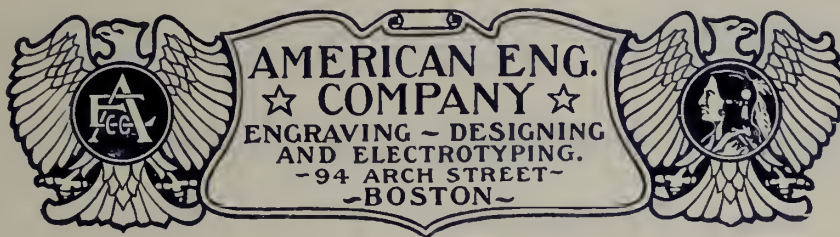
"Why!" exclaimed Jerry, "I didn't know he had a daughter."

"That's what he says, Jerry, ole boy, an' I suppose we gotta believe him."

On the way home Jerry cut across from the road around the other side of Little Sandy. Suddenly his horse—the same old "Hec"—pricked up his ears and pierced the air with a shrill whinney. Jerry strained his eyes in the direction in which the horse was looking. The bushes rustled and he made his way to the spot hastily. There stretched out on the ground at full length was a young sorrel and under it a lifeless body, evidently crushed by the weight of the fallen animal. Jerry turned the limp features of the face to the light and uttered a startled exclamation. It was David Lewis! Suddenly footsteps from behind claimed his attention and he turned to see a female figure on horseback approaching him. As her features became clear in the last beams of the setting sun, he became perplexed. He had seen that face before—but where?

(To be continued.)

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